LOONEY TUNES™

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109 FEB 04

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

TIME-TRAVELLIN' TROUBLE!

IT'S OUR *HYSTERICAL HISTORY* ISSUE!

HYSTERICAL HISTORY: THE BIG BANG

FISCH - writer • ARANDA - penciller
SAICHANN - inker • LEIGH - letterer
TANGUAY - colorist
RICHARDS - asst. editor
HILTY - editor

WB #2039

HEWWO. WELCOME TO *HISTOWY!*

OUR JOURNEY THWOUGH THE AGES BEGINS WITH A SINGLE, WONEWY *CELL.* AS THAT CELL SPWIT IN *TWO,* LIFE *BEGAN!*

Elmer Q. Fudd
History While-U-Wait

FSSSSS

AND WITH *LIFE--*

--CAME *SWAPSTICK.*

HEE

BOOM

HEE

IT'S TAKEN MANY MIWWENNIA OF *EVOWUTION* FOR OUR SPECIES TO MATURE--

FSSSSSS

YAHH!

AWTHOUGH SOME OF US ARE MORE EVOLVED THAN *OTHERS!*

HEE HEE HEE

BOOM

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

WB # 2040

SET YOUR WRISTWATCH TO ***HALF PAST*** THE ***DAWN OF TIME!*** WET'S WATCH AS A PWEHISTOWIC ***CAVE COYOTE*** STALKS HIS FAVOWITE PREY--

--A ***WOOLLY MAMMOTH!***

FREE MAMMOTH CHOW!

FREE MAMMOTH CHOW!

MUNCH MUNCH

SPLAT

HUNT & PECK

FISCH-WRITER
ARANDA-PENCILLER
SAICHANN-INKER
LEIGH-LETTERER
TANGUAY-COLORIST
RICHARDS-ASST. EDITOR
HILTY-EDITOR

LATER.

FREE MAMMOTH CHOW! sit here

PLOP

MUNCH MUNCH

SPLAT

BEEP BEEP!

BEEP BEEP!

Tonight's Special:
MAMMOTH
ROAD
RUNNER

YULP!

SPLATT

AND SO, WE SAY *SO WONG* TO OUR PWEHISTOWIC FWIEND. IF ONWY HE HAD KNOWN--

--PWEHISTORIC *WOAD WUNNERS* WERE *WEAWWY BIG!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

Ah, ANCIENT ROME! A TIME OF CULTURE, POWITICS, AND OCCASIONAWWY...

...JUST THE TEENSIEST BIT OF CONFWICT!

THAT'S IT! THSAY YOUR PRAYERTHS, TWEETI-CUS!

GEE, PUDDY TAT, HOW COULD I KNOW NERO WAS PLAYING WITH MATCHES?

WB # 204 I

Today Only: Gladiator Championships!

Battles to the Death!

Families Welcome!

I'LL TURN YOU INTO A NERO THSANDWICH!

TOGA TWEETY

FISCH-WRITER
ARANDA-PENCILLER
SAICHANN-INKER
LEIGH-LETTERER
TANGUAY-COLORIST
RICHARDS-ASST EDITOR
HILTY-EDITOR

HURRAH!
Huh?
HURRAH!
WHY ARE THEY *CHEERING*, PUDDY TAT?
QUIET, THSMALL FRY! I'M GREETING MY *PUBLIC!*
THEY *LIKE* ME! THEY REALLY, REALLY--
--*LIKE* ME!
Uh...THIS GUY A FRIEND OF *YOURSTH?*
Gasp! DON'T YOU *WECOGNIZE* HIM?
HE'S WIGHT HERE IN MY *TWADING CARDS!*
THAT'S THE *WOUGHEST, TOUGHEST GWADIATOR* IN ALL OF ROME --
--*BEN HURT!*
BEN HVRT

YOU DON'T THSAY!

WHAT A *PLEASURE,* MITHSTER HURT! OR CAN I CALL YOU *BENNY?*

CONFIDENTIALLY, BENNY, YA HAD ME A LITTLE *WORRIED* THERE FOR A MINUTE. I MEAN, I'D THSURE HATE TO MEET *YOU* IN A DARK ALLEY! *Heh heh!*

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN!

ANNOUNCING OUR NEXT GLADIATORIAL MATCH!

BEN HURT VS. SYLVESTERUS--

--TO THE DEATH!

YOU, *um...*

YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY *FATAL ILLNESSESTH,* DO YA?

YUM!

CHUNK!!

KA

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

GIDDYAP! THSCRATCH GRAVEL!

THSO LONG, THSUCKER!

Oh.

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T TAKE THAT "THSUCKER" CRACK *PERTHSONALLY...*

THSOME PEOPLE ARE *THSO TOUCHY!*

Ooh, ISN'T THIS *THWILLING?*

PUDDY TAT! PUDDY TAT! RAH RAH RAH!

CAN'T WE JUTHST THSETTLE THIS OVER *TIDDLYWINKS?*

"CATS ONLY!" I'M SAVED!

CATS ONLY

=Whew= THAT BIG PALOOKA CAN'T FOLLOW ME IN *HERE!*

NOBODY AROUND BUT ME AND MY FELLOW--

--CATS.

H-HI, FELLAS.

GRRRROOWWWWWRRRRR

ROARR!

AIEEE!

OW!

SNARL!

POOR PUDDY TAT.

OH, WELL. NOW YOU *COLOS-SEEUM,* NOW YOU *DON'T!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

1849--AND THE *GOLD WUSH* IS UNDERWAY! HOPEFUL *PWOSPECTORS* ARE HUWWYING TO CAWIFORNIA IN SEARCH OF *GOLD!*

OUTTA MAH WAY! IF THAR'S *GOLD* T'BE FOUND, THEN AH'M A-GETTIN' MAH *FAIR SHARE!*

OR *UN*-FAIR SHARE. AH AIN'T PICKY!

NOW *HERE'S* A LIKELY-LOOKIN' SPOT!

SSSSSS

Ehhh... WHAT'S UP, DOC?

Rabbits & KARATS

FISCH-WRITER • ARANDA-PENCILLER
SAICHANN-INKER • LEIGH-LETTERER
TANGUAY-COLORIST
RICHARDS-ASST EDITOR • HILTY-EDITOR

WB # 2042

GOLD'S UP, RABBIT! AH'M GONNA BLOW SOME RIGHT OUTTA THIS HOLE WITH THIS HERE DYNEEMITE!

AW, NO, DOC. THERE AIN'T NO GOLD DOWN THERE. THAT'S MY HOME.

YUH DON'T SAY? WAAALL...

KNOW WHY THEY CALL THIS A "GOLD MINE," VARMINT?

'CAUSE IT'S GOLD--

--AN' IT'S MINE!!!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

YEAH? KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT "FOOL'S GOLD"?

TAKE A PEEK IN YER HAND!

BOOM!

Y'KNOW, SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK THIS JOKER'S GONNA GIVE UP SO EASY.

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE STRADGE-EDY!

LATER...

Ehhh... ANY LUCK, COMRADE?

NOTHIN' YET, STRANGER. BUT AH'M...

AWP!

TARNATION! A GOLD TREE!

AH'M RICH!

14K

NOW, WHERE'D AH PUT MUH *AXE*? AH KNOW AH...

¡Gasp! GOLD BUSHES!

JEEEHOSAPHAT! THAR'S GOLD *EVERYWHAR!*

AH'M RICH! AH'M RICH!

Tsk. SEEING THINGS. IS *SAD CASE.*

WHUT? YUH SAYIN' THEY *AIN'T* GOLD?

WHO IN THE NAME A' *WILD BILL HICCUP* ARE *YOU?*

I AM *DOCTOR ZHIVAGOLD!* IN MOSCOW, THEY CALL ME THE *GOLD RUSSIAN.*

COME, I GIVE YOU *CHECK-UP.*

STICK OUT *TONGUE.*

AS I *THOUGHT.* A CLASSIC CASE OF *GOLD FEVER!*

GOLD FEVER?! IS IT *SERIOUS?*

NYET, NYET. JUST STAY THERE.

DANGER! KEEP AWAY!

WHACK

YEEOWWW!

C'MON, DOC-- *LEVEL* WITH ME! AH C'N TAKE IT! WHAT'RE MUH *CHANCES?*

WELL...

IS ONLY *ONE* CURE FOR GOLD FEVER. BUT YOU MUST DO *EXACTLY* AS I SAY!

OKAY! OKAY! WHATEVER YOU SAY!

HOW'S THIS *huff* S'POSED TA HELP ME *puff* AGAIN?

500 POUND

500 POUND

NOW, NOW-- WHO IS *DOCTOR* HERE?

TWENTY MORE TIMES *LIFTING*, THEN STARTS *REAL* WORKOUT.

Castoroil Turpentine Tonic

MEDICINE CURE...

SWIMMING CURE...

BEAR-WRESTLING CURE...

HARE TODAY

FWEEEEET

IS ENOUGH ALREADY. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

FRESH... AS A... DAISY!

THEN YOU ARE *CURED!* GO TO IT!

YAHOO!

THIS WAY TO THE MINE

THANKS A *MILLION,* DOC!

AN' AH *DO* MEAN A *MILLION!*

AAK!

EEK!

BOOM

BOOM

OOK!

BOOM

BOOM

OW!

OLD RUSSIAN SAYING--

THIS WAY TO THE MINE

BLAM

BLAM

BOOM

--THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE A *GOLD* FOOL!

THIS WAY TO THE MINE FIELD

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

HYSTERICAL HISTORY: Carrying a TORCH

FISCH-WRITER
ARANDA-PENCILLER
SAICHANN-INKER
LEIGH • LETTERER ···TANGUAY • COLORIST
RICHARDS • ASST. EDITOR ··· HILTY • EDITOR

JUWY 4, 1884-- AND HAPPY CWOWDS IN NEW YORK CITY AWAIT THE AWWIVAL OF THEIR NEWEST *WANDMARK!*

TODAY, WE WELCOME A GIFT FROM OUR FRIENDS IN *FRANCE!* A GIFT THAT *UNITES* OUR TWO NATIONS IN RESPECT...BROTHERHOOD...AND LOVE!

ELMER Q. FUDD
History -- New and Used

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE *STATUE OF--*

AAAAAAHHHH!

--LIBERTY...?

COME *BACK,* MA PETITE STATUE!

I ONLY WISH TO UNITE OUR NATIONS IN *LOVE!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

HYSTERICAL HISTORY: ROARING TWENTIES

FISCH • writer ARANDA • penciller
SAICHANN • inker
LEIGH • letterer TANGUAY • colorist
RICHARDS • asst. editor HILTY • editor

THE *WOAWING TWENTIES*--A TIME OF *HOT WEAD, COOL CUSTOMERS,* AND *WUKEWARM BATHS!*

LET'S JOIN CWIMEFIGHTER *EWWIOT NESTER* AS HE FWUSHES *CWIMINALS* OUT OF AN IWWEGAL *SPEAKEASY...*

ELMER Q. FUDD
History Made To Order

YOU BOYS STAY *QUIET!* AH'LL GAIN ACCESS TO THIS ILLEGAL ESTABLISHMENT BY RECITIN' THE PROPER *CONFIDENTIAL COUNTERSIGN...*

PASSWORD, THAT IS!

KNOCK KNOCK

"SWORD--

BLAM

MUST NOT HAVE *HEARD* ME RIGHT. AH'LL TRY THE PASSWORD *AGAIN!*

KNOCK KNOCK

"SWORD--

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?

Hmph! IF AH'VE GOT TO RAID A *SPEAKEASY--*

--THEN AH'M GONNA, AH SAY, AH'M GONNA FIND ME ONE THAT *SPEAKS* A LITTLE *EASIER!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

THE *DISTANT FUTURE*-- WHAT SECWETS DOES IT HOLD? FWYING CARS? THWEE-D TEWEVISION? MIND-WEADING ZUCCHINI?

WET'S TAKE A *PEEK*--AMONG THE WED, WED SANDS OF *MARS!*

ISN'T IT *LOVELY*, K-9? THE ROLLING *HILLS*, THE GLOW OF THE *MOONS*, THE SMILING FACE OF THE *MAN IN THE EARTH*...

AND MOST OF ALL, THE GLORIOUS *PEACE AND*--

--*QUIET*...?

SEE? IT'S EVERYTHING I SAID AND *MORE!*

I *ENVY* YOU, MY LUCKY FRIEND! BECAUSE *I* MAY JUST BE A HUMBLE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE *CENTURY 24 REALTY COMPANY* OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON. BUT *YOU*--

Century 21

FOR A LIMITED TIME, *YOU* HAVE THE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY TO BUY A *LUXURY APARTMENT* IN THE FIRST *CONDOMINIUM DEVELOPMENT*--

--ON *MARS!*

SPACE FOR RENT

FISCH-Writer

ARANDA-Penciller • SAICHANN-Inker

LEIGH-Letterer • TANGUAY-Colorist

RICHARDS-Asst. Editor • HILTY-Editor

W-WELL, IT *IS* P-PRETTY...

"PRETTY"? THAT'S LIKE CALLING *HURRICANE MELVIN* A *"REFRESHING BREEZE."*

"PRETTY," HE SAYS. *Hoo hoo...*

HOW M-M-MUCH DOES IT *COST?*

Uh... DID I *MENTION* THAT MARS'S GRAVITY IS *WEAKER* THAN EARTH'S? *INSTANT WEIGHT LOSS!*

WHY, *DIETERS ALONE* WILL FLOCK HERE BY THE *THOUSANDS!*

LI'L MARTIAN SNOOPERSCOPE, pat pend.

THOUSANDS OF EARTHLINGS? COMING *HERE?!*

OH DEAR, THAT WILL NEVER DO! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE INVA*DER*--NOT THE INVA*DEE!*

CLEARLY, THERE IS ONLY *ONE* POSSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION! MARS MUST BE *DEFENDED* AGAINST THE EARTHLING MENACE!

WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE *BEACHHEADS!* WE HAVE REACHED OUR *RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY!*

IN OTHER WORDS --

--SIC 'EM!

B-B-BUT WON'T BUILDING ALL TH-THOSE *HOMES* TAKE A LONG T-T-*TIME?*

HO HO! PERHAPS IT WOULD, IN A *SIMPLER* TIME. BUT WE USE ONLY THE *FINEST* IN *ACME INSTANT-BUILDING TECHNOLOGY!*

OBSERVE.

WHUNK

W-W-WOW!

THAT'S AMA-AMA-AMA... *REMARKABLE!*

YOU THINK *THAT'S* SOMETHING? JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THE *TENNIS COURT* AND *STARDUCK'S!*

Hmph! NEVER SEND A DOG TO DO A MARTIAN INVADER'S WORK.

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING OBLITERATED--

--YOU HAVE TO OBLITERATE IT YOURSELF!

MARTIAN LI'L DISINTEGRATOR RAY GUN, pat. pend.

NOW, LET'S SAY YOU WANT TO WASH OFF SOME OF THAT MARTIAN DUST! OR MAYBE YOU WANT TO IMPRESS A SPECIAL LADY.

Hmm...NO, LET'S STICK WITH THE DUST.

WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN--

ZHAKOOM

--YOUR VERY OWN HOT TUB?

$PLOOOO$$SHH

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

PROBABLY JUST A LEAK. I'LL PATCH IT LATER.

NOW, HERE, *INSIDE* THE CONDO...

KNOCK KNOCK

WHO COULD THAT B-B-BE?

GREETINGS. WE'RE THE LOCAL *WELCOME WAGON* FROM THE *MARTIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.* WELCOME TO THE *RED PLANET!*

THIS IS FOR *YOU.*

TICK TICK TICK

WHY, THAT'S AWFULLY K-K-*KIND* OF YOU! P-PLEASE, YOU *MUST* COME IN AND *SIT* A WHILE!

OH, NO--I-I-I *COULDN'T!* THERE'S ONLY *ONE MINUTE* LEFT...

TICK TICK TICK

N-N-NONSENSE! THERE'S ALWAYS T-T-TIME FOR A NICE C-CUP OF *TEA!*

THERE! COMFY? CAN I G-GET SOMETHING FOR YOUR D-D-*DOG?*

TICK TICK TICK

DEAR ME. YOU'RE NOT AT ALL WHAT I EXPECTED.

YOU'RE... YOU'RE SO... *NICE!*

OH, PSHAW. N-N-NEIGHBORLY IS AS NEIGHBORLY D-D-DOES!

NEIGHBORLY...

YES...I SUPPOSE SO...

TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

I CAN'T DO IT! YOU'RE TOO NICE TO OBLITERATE!

OUT OF THE WAY!

KRAKA-BOOOOMM

NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FRUIT BASKET!

AS I WAS... SAYING...

WELCOME...NEIGHBOR. I'M CERTAIN...YOU'LL ENJOY... LIVING HERE...

OH, NO-- I WON'T BE LIVING HERE.

YOU WON'T?

NO, I'M JUST A R-R-REALTOR!

TH-THESE ARE YOUR NEW NEIGHBORS!

YO, DUDE!

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"